



Beating Around the Bush with *Madame George*

Chaos! Chaos! Chaos! A big musical show like the Red and White Revue is such chaos in rehearsal. First there's all the snakes and elephants, not to mention the spiders, left over from last night's adventure. And such an adventure it was. It all started beneath the table at the Cafe Gaspesian which is neither here nor, for all I know there. I've told myself a thousand times I'll never do it again but somehow I always manage. Personally I think it's the yoga which the wonderful thing about yoga is you can re-use the containers. Isn't youth young?

The Red and White Revue was written by a lovely young man who or whom I charmed right out of his garters and vice versa. Short and somewhat bespectacled George Kapok is a great admirer of Christopher Columbus who himself was a great admirer of Prince Henry the Navigator who I understand is a distant relative of our own Princess Anne and Mark which is a really marvellous coincidence considering. You'll be interested to know of course that George has aged twice as long as Chivas Regal and suffers from congenital I'm not sure what but something is funny with his congenitals and isn't it simply too too how handicapped people cope with those who are less fortunate? His play is called "Nancy Grew" and it's all about, well, I better not give it away or it might spoil. Tickets go on sale TODAY so hurry.

It's not true you know what they say about show people. During my brief stay at the rehearsal hall I saw no promiscuity, loose talk, or illegal termination of pregnancy. The only disruption in the routine I guess really came when I decided to audition. I may not know how to act but I know how to get center stage and when the producer asked me to repeat my little number I thought boredom would give way to stardom for sure. Instead the forestage (on which they perform the foreplay) gave way to me and I found myself prostate in the arms of the producer and putty in the hands of the director. I can't help it. I mold easily.



HEAR THE OTHER SIDE

This is the first of a series of articles on the McGill law faculty written by a group of law students who feel there is a need to "speak up" about problems they see in the faculty. Today's article is an introduction to the series; future articles will deal with decision making in the faculty, teaching methods, and other subjects. The articles were written by David Abbey, Vance Gardner, Marcia Pmet, Daniel Sanders, Vicki Schmolka, Elizabeth Thomson, and others.

Time to speak up

This is a true story and a continuing saga about a kindergarten which calls itself an institute of higher learning and, most pretentiously, a school of law. Inside the school there are big people who exalt themselves further through their insistence on being called "professors". There are also little people in the play school who allow themselves to be treated as children.

In fact they are children — they haven't learned to think for themselves or make their own decisions; the big people regularly take them by the hand and walk them down the garden path. The little people are prisoners in the minds of the big people who decide when they enter, when they leave, and what flavour of pabulum they are force-fed at what time of day. Even when the pabulum is not the flavour of their choice or makes them violently sick, the children continue to lap it up.

The big people allow the little people to play some new kinds of games. One of these is called "Pretend we're all Equal". It has many variations so that the little people never get bored or wonder any further than the game.

One of the ways to play is for the big person to stand at the front of a room which is devoid of any sensory stimulation. He (they're almost all he's; women have no standing in their eyes — at least that's what their fathers told them, and whatever was good for their fathers or grandfathers should never change) stands on a little platform and you sit at his feet; you ask him questions and he never gives a satisfactory answer; he asks you a question — and black marks for you if you can't answer. You pass maybe half a year, maybe a whole year sitting in this pit; the big person makes up big theories, little theories, talks in gibberwocky, hands out more work than the Chief Justice and his whole staff could do in a whole year and generally plays his own game called "teaching the law," an exercise in the absurd.

At the end he decides that he should fit your knowledge (which

continued on page 3

Loyola group upset over merger plans

by Craig Toomey

Students at Loyola College are launching a vigorous campaign to ensure that their college gets a fair deal in the upcoming merger with Sir George Williams University.

The "Whatever happened to Loyola" campaign will consist of an active and constructive criticism of the Sir George attitude towards Loyola in the merger, according to an information sheet being distributed around the snow-covered Loyola campus by campaign organizers.

"We want to prevent this merger from being merely a takeover of Loyola by Sir George," said one campaigner, "and we've planned a number of rallies, press conferences, parades and assemblies this week to show Sir George administrators that we're not going to sit back and let them screw us."

After four years of negotiations and debate, the merger between the relatively small Loyola College and the larger, more metropolitan Sir George is expected to be approved by the National Assembly of Quebec any day now. The new institution, Concordia, will take McGill's place as the largest English-speaking university in Quebec.

Administrators have already gone ahead with integrating the administrative machinery of Loyola and Sir George although legal status and a charter have not yet been obtained. A Board of Governors, Senate, Senate committees, and course programs for Concordia have been established in a rough form—but in a form unacceptable to many Loyola students. Their main complaint is

that Loyola does not have equal decision-making powers or representation in Concordia's administrative structure as it has developed thus far. Loyola, they fear, will be assimilated into Sir George when the merger becomes finalized. "Loyola has a more informal and liberal philosophy in its approach to education," explained one student, "and this will all be lost if Sir George has its way."

Shotgun Wedding

Ever since the Quebec government, and financial difficulties, pressured Loyola into merging with Sir George, its bargaining position has been weak in merger negotiations. Sir George has thus been able to win many concessions.

Sir George has gained a higher degree of decision-making powers and representation on the Concordia senate and its committees. The

Concordia Senate, which has final say in all matters pertaining to the academic programmes of the University, has 18 voting members from Loyola and 35 from Sir George. Loyola's 9,600 students thus have only half as many representatives as Sir George's 15,600 students.

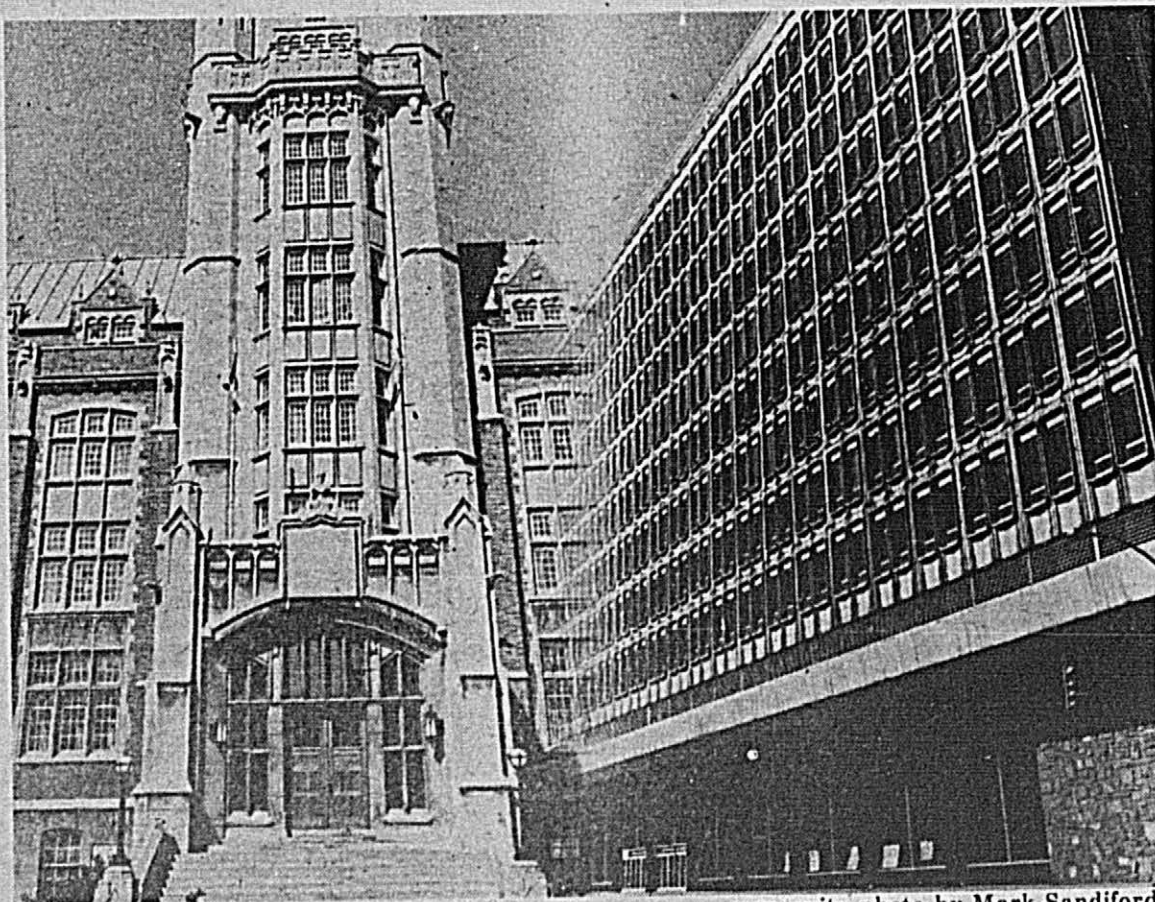
Unequal representation is also evident in Concordia's senate committees, which formulate most academic policies for the university. In not one committee does Loyola have equal representation with Sir George. Representation on the Curriculum Committee is Sir George 6 — Loyola 1; Academic Priorities: Sir George 9 — Loyola 1; and Steering Committee: Sir George 5 — Loyola 3.

The Loyola campaigners are hoping to correct this lopsidedness in Concordia's administrative

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composite photo by Mark Sandiford

The proposed marriage of Loyola and Sir George Williams Universities has yet to be consummated, and some Loyola students find the prospect less than appealing. See story this page.

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849-2311. Mr. Roger or come in for
interview.

PERSONAL

Problem? Feel you need to rap with a
rabbi? Call Israel Housman 341-3580.

MONDAY, JANUARY 28, 1974

Would the tall young lady whose
identity I mistook Thursday
afternoon at the McIntyre, kindly
phone Stephen — 739-6147 after 6:30
p.m.

MISCELLANEOUS

M.O.C. Open meeting. Baffin Island
Presentation, Climbing in France
film. 7:30, Stewart S1/4 Tuesday Jan.
29. All welcome.

Do you know the techniques of
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Hypnosis is as old as man. It relaxes
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- latin american discussion groups
- twentieth century theology discussions
- work camps & commune living summer 74
- national conference for May 74

We would like to invite all members of the community to
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Tel: 392-4947

P.S. Folk singers every night at 9:00 P.M. & lunches daily
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centre
Student Union

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392-8995

The Review



THE FUTU

by Arnold Bennett

If somebody mentions the term "science fiction" to you, what springs to mind? Bug-eyed monsters? Little green men? Ray guns, robots and rocket ships? Or perhaps you go a little deeper than that and think of it as a literary genre like any other, just as westerns, mysteries and historical romances are genres. And if you do think of it in either of these ways, you probably think that science fiction is incapable of producing great literature or serious social comment, and that so-called "mainstream literature" is inherently superior.

One reason for these misconceptions is that genres, just like "mainstream" literature and perhaps more so, contain a large number of works that are ordinary, bad or atrocious. But while literature as a whole is not stereotyped by its duds, the genres are. Hanging like an albatross around the neck of every "science fiction" writer is the vision of an endless stream, not only of hack work, but of low-budget Hollywood monster movies lingering in the public eye.

The stereotyping of "science fiction" as somehow an "inferior" type of writing has driven many mainstream writers and scientists to protect their reputations with pen names when they ventured into the field of science fiction. Nevertheless, this stigma did not prevent writers of the calibre of John Steinbeck, John Hersey and William Burroughs from writing fantasy and science fiction under their own names, not to speak of H. G. Wells, Jack London, Aldous Huxley and George Orwell.

The fact is that science fiction, or s-f, or sci fi or fantascienza or speculative fiction, or whatever you want to call it, is more than just another genre. It is an art form that encompasses all the traditional genres (albeit often transparently, as miners claim-jump each other on the asteroids, future barbarians slug it out with swords and battle axes, and costumed courtiers caper in the casinos of the galactic empire) and, ever increasingly in the last decade, due to the so-called "new wave", overflows into mainstream literature, so that the border line is almost imperceptible. Mainstream writers borrow s-f concepts; s-f writers adapt new literary techniques and evolve them even further.

S-f can be deadly serious or uproariously funny, bitterly satirical or naively optimistic, utopian or dystopian, adulatory of technology or utterly opposed to it, quasi-fascistic or revolutionary. It can delve deeply into the nature of eroticism and human (and alien!) sexual relationships, or it can pretend, as did most s-f before Philip Jose Farmer broke the ice with *The Lovers* in the early 1950's, that sex doesn't exist.

Literary historians tend to hail Hugo Gernsback (for whom the Hugo Award is named) as the father of modern science fiction and date its beginnings in the early 1920's, after making appropriate gestures in the direction of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells. If one considers science fiction's primary concern to be with technology and futurology, this is probably accurate. But

science fiction in the twenties and thirties and even the forties (the "golden age" when pulp magazines flourished) was very much genre writing in the true sense of the word. The Leitmotif was the space opera: Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers were not far from being prototypes. Until Stanley G. Weinbaum broke the ice with *A Martian Odyssey* in 1934, character development was almost non-existent. And s-f, while far in advance of its milieu in matters scientific and technological, was for the most part only a child of its times in terms of its social analysis. Blacks and women, for example, suffered from the prevalent racist and sexist stereotypes.

There were exceptions. Some of the most outstanding ones were probably considered outside the science fiction pale at the time. One such exception was Jack London's *The Iron Heel*, written in 1906. Another was Sinclair Lewis' *It Can't Happen Here*, written in 1935. Both London and Lewis were radical socialists, actively involved in the politics of their times. Both were also superlative writers of fiction, and it is for this reason that they are read and remembered today, while the bourgeois literati who promote them conveniently obscure their political motivations, or

more than a century) overthrow the regime. The narrator's testimony of the situation between 1906 and 1920, (the year of her discovery and execution by the authorities) is in the form of a diary discovered centuries later by researchers of the workers' state. London's analysis of the reasons for the failure of the first workers' government, of the divisions between the various sectors of the working class and the petty bourgeoisie, and of the tactics of the ruthless monopoly capitalists, is clear, blunt and chilling. It is not surprising that London's books were among those burned in the streets by the fascist regime when it seized power in Chile last September.

Sinclair Lewis wrote in a different period, where the danger was not that Americans would vote for a socialist government which would then be overthrown, but rather that they would be deluded into voting for a fascist demagogue, one Buzz Windrip, whom Lewis modelled on Louisiana dictator Huey Long. Windrip promises the workers a guaranteed income and full employment (while promising the capitalists "social peace"). He uses antisemitism and anti-black racism on his way to power, and once in the White House he maintains his rule through more of the same, along with police terror and concentration camps. Lewis' all-too fallible hero is Doremus Jessup, a well-meaning liberal and small-town editor, who is one of those "good men who do nothing" of whom Edmund Burke wrote. But Jessup is quickly forced out of his position of detached neutrality, is sent to a concentration camp and ends up in a Canadian-based underground movement which is eventually triumphant. Lewis' class analysis is less credible than London's — his underground is what could be called a "popular front of all democratic forces" and is headed by a Republican, of all things!

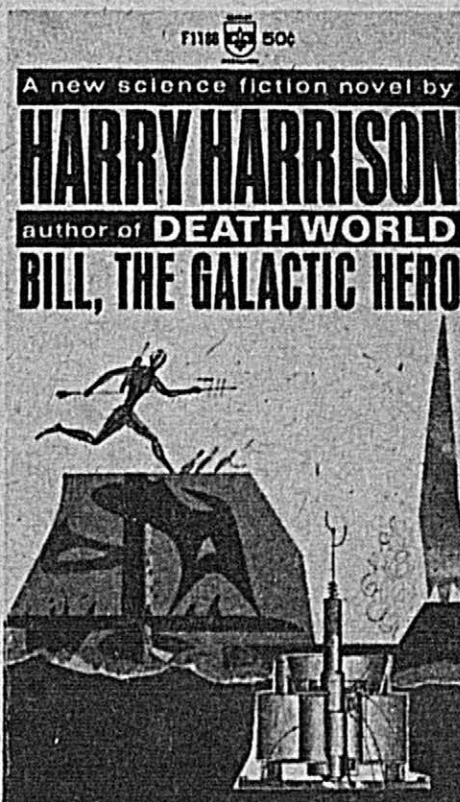
It took the science fiction genre as a whole a long time to catch up with people like London and Lewis. The "golden age" of s-f in the 1940's produced a golden hoard of concepts, ideas, techniques and clichés, but it was dominated by writers like John W. Campbell and Robert A. Heinlein, arch-conservatives in terms of social consciousness. By the 1960's, in the midst of the Viet Nam War, the virtual trademark of Campbell's magazines was an ad for U.S. Victory Bonds, focussed around a photo of U.S. Marines reverently holding their country's flag (presumably after completing one of their regular search-and-destroy missions.)

As for Heinlein, he has been variously described as "the dean of American science fiction" (by his admirers) and as a "fascist", a "Bircher" and a "right-wing anarchist". Heinlein is ferociously anti-Communist and anti-socialist and, apparently, anti-liberal. His characters are so staunchly committed to free enterprise they are willing to kill for it. Some of his books reach lows of militarism and racism. In *Starship Troopers*, for example, young men joyfully spread Terran imperialism throughout the galaxy in the name of a society that, having recovered from a devastating war to the death against Communism (which, no doubt, was to blame)

excludes from voting all those who do not engage in military service.

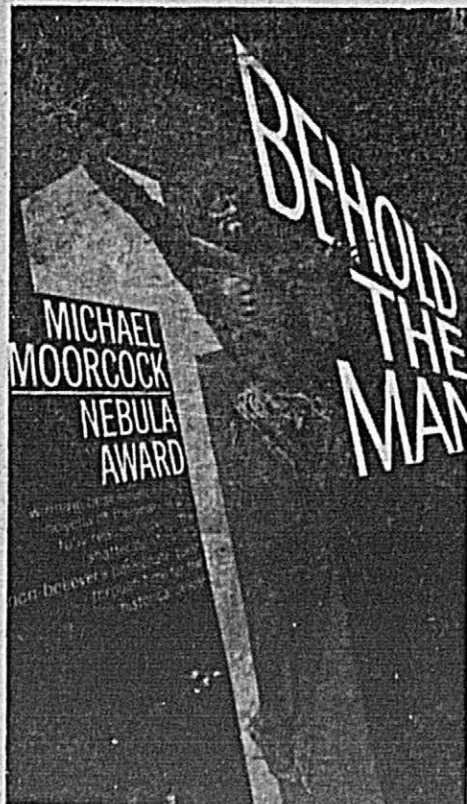
Another book by Heinlein, *Farnham's Freehold*, is even worse, if possible. In this fantasy an American family (including its black houseboy) is catapulted centuries forward into time during a nuclear holocaust (started by the Russians, of course). Since East and West have virtually wiped each other out, Africa rules the world in this particular future, and uses whites as slaves, as breeding stock and as domestic food animals. Eventually the supermasculine hero and his girlfriend manage to escape back to their own time, leaving behind his complacent wife and his "gutless" son, who has (in heavy Heinleinian symbolism) allowed himself to be castrated. Once back in their own time the dynamic couple, in the best John Wayne tradition, establish a stronghold in the wilderness in preparation for the holocaust to come, and holding off all intruders with guns, carve themselves a "free" and prosperous future.

Despite these particular abominations, Heinlein managed to become a folk hero of the youth culture of the 1960's, entirely on the strength of his novel *Stranger in a Strange Land*, which became a cult object. *Stranger in a Strange Land* gave the word "grok" to the English language. Its characters lived like hippies before there were any, freely enjoying sex, taking on the establishment and the villainous corporate giants who were after the Martian-raised hero's fortune (possession of all of Mars, since the native Martians, like natives everywhere, apparently weren't assumed to have any rights), and "grokking the essence" of their dear departed (by eating a soup made from the corpse). Taken separately from the rest of Heinlein's writings, this book is deceptive. Heinlein knows how to write with humor and how to make his



ascribe them to quaint historical periods (like the Depression) that are "no longer really relevant."

Both London and Lewis describe America as it falls under the iron heel of a posited fascist dictatorship. London's story is seen through the eyes of the wife of a socialist leader, who takes power in a free election but who, with his colleagues, is deposed by the monopoly capitalists, who then institute a reign of terror and repression against American workers. The workers first revolt openly, then go underground and conduct a terrorist campaign, and eventually (after



RE IS NOW

characters sympathetic (outside of books like Farnham's Freehold, which is beyond help). But in the words of science fiction writer and critic Richard M. Lupoff, even *Stranger in a Strange Land* is a "fascist dreamworld".

Lupoff, writing a few years ago in *Ramparts*, includes in his analysis one of Heinlein's latest books, *I Will Fear No Evil*, which, like *Stranger in a Strange Land* and unlike Farnham's Freehold, has a leavening of iconoclastic ribaldry camouflaging its ideological foundation. In *I Will Fear No Evil* a dying and ancient corporate mogul has his brain transplanted into the body of his devoted and sexy female secretary. Her consciousness remains, and the two of them learn to adjust to bisexuality. The fun is compounded towards the end of the book when a third person joins the body. As an adman for a porno flick would say: "Consider the possibilities!" It is very evident throughout the book, however, that these possibilities are only for the ultra-rich and their favourites. Monopoly capitalism has extended even further in this near future than it has already, and the great majority of the people live in horrifying urban jungles, devoid of any social services, surviving by banditry and worse. The situation of these

grew strong in the fifties, laying the foundations for s-f as we know it today.

One possible reason for this was an influx into the s-f field of writers who knew that they could say in allegory, set elsewhere in time and space, what they could never get published as mainstream, "realistic" fiction at that time. Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* and Walt Kelly's *Pogo* are examples of application of this type of strategy in other, non s-f, fields.

The late C. M. Kornbluth is a good example of an s-f writer who did devastating satires on American society during the Fearful Fifties. In collaboration with Frederick Pohl he wrote *The Space Merchants*, in which he did some extrapolating about Madison Avenue. The admen of the not-so-distant future sell the public of an overpopulated world on a government scheme to colonize Venus. The only problem is that there is no colony on Venus. The colonists are just packed into dummy rocket ships, which are then, if I remember the exact details correctly, flooded with poison gas.

Theory of Rocketry, a short story by Kornbluth, is less spectacular in the evil it portrays but raises horrified thoughts of "My God, this isn't science fiction. It's happened already!" *Theory of Rocketry* is about the American educational system of what, to the 1950's, was the near future. Classes are overcrowded, most students learn nothing except how to become unthinking cogs in the machine, and the whole system is under rigid bureaucratic control. Teachers who don't "fit in" have a token right to appeal, but are invariably forced out of the educational system. In this story a dedicated teacher helps a gifted student who wants to get into the Space Academy. The student spots an unsealed letter on the teacher's desk in which the teacher writes about him: "It's funny. I don't think he has to lie his way through his personality profiles like the rest of us." The student offers to mail the letter. The next day it is on the administrator's desk and the teacher is asked: "Are you sure you're really happy here?" The student's reason: "They like us to be a little ruthless at the Academy." This is one nightmare that is all too real. The subtlety of Kornbluth's writing is devastating.

Another devastating satire, of a later period, is a novel by Harry Harrison with the unlikely title of *Bill, the Galactic Hero*. The long-suffering anti-hero is a naive peasant who is shanghaied into the military of a decadent Galactic Empire, and who, by the end of the book, has all his illusions and humanity stripped away. Militarism and imperialism are flayed by Harrison with a surgeon's skill, as he stands every cliché of space opera on its head. The ending has an impact rarely equalled in fiction.

Despite the early and consistent willingness of at least a minority of s-f writers to attack "the system", two major sacred cows grazed contentedly outside the boundaries of the genre until the 50's and 60's—sex and religion. Most publishers refused to touch stories dealing with either of these themes, and it was only in the

mid-60's that the floodgates were fully opened. In the 50's the main pioneers in the introduction of sexual themes to s-f were Theodore Sturgeon, Philip Jose Farmer and Harlan Ellison, and they had a rough time of it. One iconoclastic short story, dealing with a future America where heterosexuals are persecuted by the homosexual majority, was rejected by *Playboy* before *Cavalier* published it.

The publication of the *Dangerous Visions* anthology, edited by Harlan Ellison, in the late 60's, effectively broke down the last barriers to authors wanting to deal with "dangerous" and "unpopular" themes. A Sturgeon story in that anthology, "If all Men were Brothers Would you Let One Marry Your Sister", posited a human planet of the future where incest was the norm and where, consequently, all psychological disorders based on the Oedipus and Electra complexes have disappeared. The only problem of this society is that it is totally loathed and ostracized by every other human planet in the Galaxy.

And while people like Sturgeon and Ellison thought the unthinkable and carried wild fantasies to ultimate conclusions, feminist writers of s-f sought to reorient the genre on a more fundamental level. Joanna Russ created a tough female leader-type to counter the hairy-chested sexists of blood-and-guts sword-and-sorcery. This character came fully into her own in the ironically-titled *Picnic on Paradise*.

Ursula K. LeGuin, in *The Left Hand of Darkness*, did a brilliant study of life on a planet where the human inhabitants have only one sex, taking on male or female roles at random once a month, and where sex role differentiation has therefore never existed.

As for religion, every aspect of it came under the microscope and scalpel of s-f

writers of every description. Roger Zelazny resurrected the Hindu, Egyptian and Shango pantheons in human form in three novels, of which *Lord of Light* is the most brilliant.

John Boyd, in *The Last Starship from Earth*, set up a parallel world in which Jesus was not crucified but was shot with a crossbow while besieging Rome, and in which the church militant of the twentieth century is ruled by a computerized Pope, who sends malefactors to a planet called Hell.

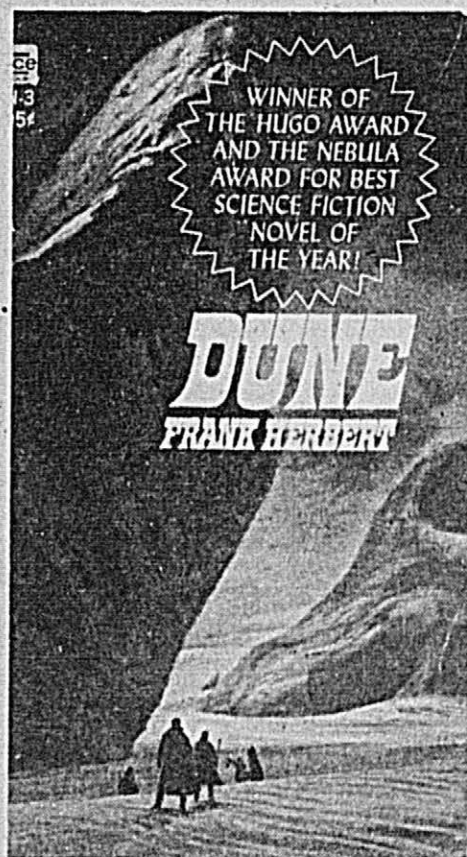
Michael Moorcock, in *Behold the Man*, creates a British Jewish hero with a crucifixion complex who hijacks a time machine in an attempt to meet Christ. Unfortunately, he finds that the real Jesus of Nazareth is the imbecile son of a Galilean prostitute, and thus feels compelled to play the role out to the end himself, following the Gospels to the letter. This book raises a number of chicken-and-egg paradoxes that can drive you insane if you think too hard.

Finally, there is the Riverworld of Philip Jose Farmer, where every human that has ever lived on earth is resurrected by a mysterious alien race and dropped along the banks of an enormous winding river. Each society in this world is composed of a majority from one time and place, a large minority from another time and place and a 10 per cent mix from the twentieth century. The two books Farmer has written so far in this series, *To Your Scattered Bodies Go* and *The Fabulous Riverboat*, are loaded with original concepts and are great fun.

There is such a wealth of outstanding speculative fiction, not to speak of s-f that is merely good, that time, space and organization do not permit any further summary. But here is a list of some of the best, not mentioned in this article.

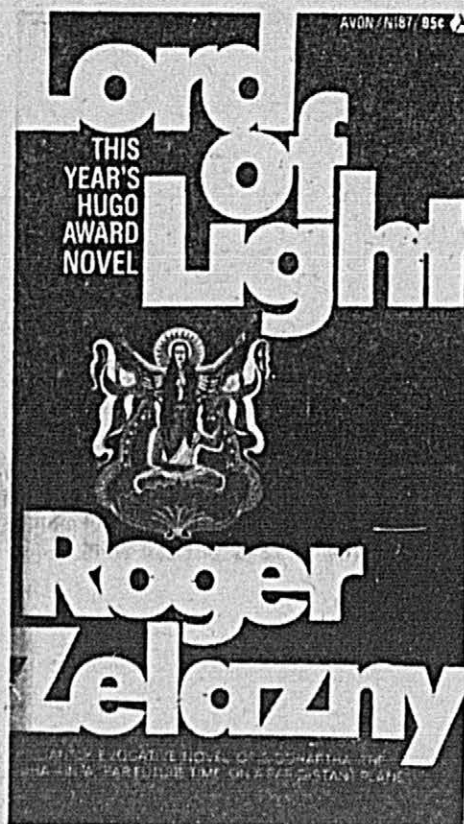
Isaac Asimov: *The Foundation Trilogy*
John Brunner: *The Jagged Orbit*, *Stand on Zanzibar* and *The Sheep Look Up*
Arthur C. Clarke: *Childhood's End*
Samuel R. Delany: *The Fall of the Towers*
Robert Sheckley: *Dimension of Miracles*
R. A. Lafferty: *Past Master*
Norman Spinrad: *Bug Jack Barron*, *The Men in the Jungle* and *The Iron Dream*
Robert Silverberg: *Up the Line*
Frank Herbert: *Dune*

Of these, *Past Master* concerns the resurrection and re-execution of St. Thomas More by the rulers of a future non-utopia. *The Iron Dream* contains a complete science fiction novel written by one Adolf Hitler in a parallel world in which he never came to power. *Dimension of Miracles* is a brilliantly insane satire containing an odyssey through time and space, talking dinosaurs with a race problem and God as an eccentric building contractor. *Up the Line* is one of the best time travel novels ever written, set mainly in Byzantium and with a hero who falls in love with his ancestress. *Dune* and its sequel *Dune Messiah*, deal with the foundation of a new religion in the remote galactic future; *Dune*, set mainly on a desert world in which every drop of water has to be conserved, was one of the first books to use the word "ecology" and explain it in terms comprehensible to the average reader.



people is not discussed, except when they enter the picture as threats to the "hero's" security, when he ventures outside his fortress.

One would tend to think that with people like Heinlein and Campbell so dominant in the "golden age", the situation of social criticism in science fiction would become totally untenable under McCarthyism. But, surprisingly, this was not the case. The "golden age" waned, and pulp magazines went out of business in droves, but social criticism in science fiction developed and



FILM REVIEW

FUTURE ADVENTURES OF A TV DINNER

by James Campbell

A leitmotif of 20th century comedy is the anti-hero, or "little person," who reflects the loss of the individual's importance in the technological age.

Woody Allen embodies the frustration of this type of individual through a character who is an agglomeration of neuroses and self-doubts. His character becomes more complex as the decades log advance after advance, and as society evolves with frenzied motion.

Allen found his comic niche for a while in reflecting the present-day world, but when his character is transplanted 200 years into the future, we can't expect a very accurate assessment of how we might change. In his latest film, Allen's comic character reflects the neuroses of 1974 in the world of 2174, and as a result, "Sleeper" is limited in the amount of meaning it can have. Which is not to say the movie isn't funny — but the laughs are oddly

displaced from the setting.

Woody Allen's movies are composed of two elements: the bizarre run-ins with machines, which are bent on his destruction, and his manic relationships with women. In his earlier movies he emphasized his perpetually pathetic situation. In "Take the Money and Run" he was a chronic parole applicant, and in "Bananas" he turns to the unsuitable life of the revolutionary.

These films had an overpowering craziness which is missing from his last two films. In "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" and "Sleeper" he has allowed slick sets and production to take over in part. We can still see him as the eternal misfit, but the core of insanity is gone. Gone too are the speedy cuts and the flawed visual presentation which somehow added to the net effect. Jokes are better now, but they are heavier and seem the result of sifting, rather than of feverish spontaneity at the risk of routines that bomb.

Woody Allen's view of the future is hardly a realistic or valid prophecy. The essential basis for the film could be described by the less complementary aspects of the word farce. We see a world under one government, into which Allen is "born", after being cryogenically frozen as a result of peptic ulcer complications. True to form, Allen is coerced into a revolutionary band dedicated to overthrowing the powers that be. But the setting lacks feel because it is just a grab bag of props for Allen's routines, and the props themselves are innately uninteresting.

However, in a 1974 frame of reference, the routines are fresh, which is exceptional in such a relatively lavish production. Woody Allen has the gift of being able to get jokes out of both his body and out of verbal routines. He has become very proficient at manipulating film so that the range is great, while at the same time he balances with his role of the loner.

The visual finish to the film is sharp, but I really think it camouflages what is innately appealing about Allen. In "Bananas" he struggled against both machine and nature, while now the context is machine alone. The outdoor scenes are just too tame and glossy.

The film certainly has its funny moments. It is good verbal Allen, and the rapid-fire comments about today do much to redeem the movie. But I really feel he will tarnish. Too many jokes are too topical, and will lose their impact with time.

Woody Allen is a great talent, but the tendency of his last two films has him sinking a little. It seems a bit as though the jokes are programmed and once the movie stops the humorous impact immediately dissipates. He really hasn't succeeded in pulling us in with him. I remember his older movies for the insane adrenalin rush, but he is too distant in "Sleeper" and the old magic is not there.



The Interstellar Enquirer

America's Sweetheart
Stalked by Sex-starred Slug

by Joe Rubin

Beans: I don't know exactly when it came. Or for that matter why. One day we were all going about our business in Fenelon Falls; the next, the meteorite had crashed, our children had been turned into jelly donuts and a giant slug was terrorizing the business area of town. No one paid much attention to this, but I did. I'm paid to pay attention. My names is Beans, Ed Beans. I'm a reporter for the Fenelon Falls Clarion, and I'm willing to bet my press card that the nefarious Dr. Hammerschlogger had his grimy paws in this stew.

The Nefarious D. Hammerschlogger: They called me mad! It's just a meteorite outside a hick town in Ontario, they said. But what do those hemorrhoid-ridden scientists know? The Pleasantville, N.J. case was never allowed to reach the press and so they remain ignorant. A ninety-foot slug in the middle of an Ontario hamlet? Preposterous, they said! And they laughed. They laughed me right out of the Academy. Yes, it may have been a harmless

meteorite, but I had to have my revenge. And so I contacted Quazar.

Quazar: I am Quazar, android of Motorola, fourth planet of Proxima Centauri, around the corner from your sun, within spitting distance of Pluto. Doctor Hammerschlogger contacted me on his trillithium crystal. Build It UR-Self, shortwave, interstellar, video transmitter-receiver. He wanted to know if my desire for vengeance against the earthlings was still strong, as he was about to present me with an opportunity for obtaining it. My answer was in the affirmative, as I still remember what the sun-seum had done to the race of Lice People from the planet Melba. Hammerschlogger knew I possessed tryptophan synthetase A protein, a growth ingredient unknown on his planet. He too was seeking revenge and so wanted the protein. I complied.

Chief O'Flanagan: Ach, it was terrible I tell you. I've been a cop in this town for thirty years come November, but I've never

seen anything like this. Sure, we have our kids pull their pranks. Why, last Halloween Wayne Snotface and his gang of rich spoiled brats cut down every light pole in the county with chain saws, but hell, we were once kids too, right? Anyway, there's this huge gastropod demolishing everything in sight. What's worse, Kate Smith was in town that week. Aye, she had a singing engagement at our Bijou Theatre. Myrtle Hogfate even wrote a new musical score to play on the organ and everything. Well, what do you suppose happened? Kate Smith crossed Main Street one day and the monster stopped to ogle at her. Next thing you know it was mounting her. Honest, the slug was trying to buggér Katie Smith.

Kate Smith: I don't know what to say...It's not as bad as you think it is...Poor slug...so far from his spawning ground...from the girl he loves...maybe I was a mother figure for him...For a moment I thought we had something going there...I could really have gotten off on that slug...

THE REVIEW



A cultural and political
supplement to the McGill Daily

Susan Wheeler
Editor

LEAN AND HUNGRY / BY GEORGE KOPP

I'VE BEEN
READING
SOME LIT-
ERATURE BY
THE CHILDREN
OF GOD
ON
KOHOUTEK.

WHICH
CHILDREN
OF GOD?



THE CHILDREN
OF GOD. THE
JESUS FREAKS.
THEY MADE
KOHOUTEK OUT
TO BE SOME
HEAVENLY
MESSENGER
FORETELLING
DISASTER.

KOHOUTEK
WAS A
DISASTER.



ONE OF
THEM WENT
SO FAR AS
TO SAY THAT
KOHOUTEK
WAS LIKE
A GIANT
PENIS FUCKING
THE EARTH'S
ORBIT.

A
JESUS
FREAK
SAID
THAT?



YUP. HE
SAID WE'D
HAVE AN
'ASTRONOMICAL
ORGASM' CLIMAXING
IN A BRILLIANT
EMISSION OF
PYROTECH-
NICAL
FIREWORKS!

THEN
WHAT?



THEN
COMES
THE
DISASTER!!

AN
ASTRO-
NOMICAL
LAUNDRY
BILL?



Law...

continued from page 1

you didn't get from him, that's for sure) into a little box so he holds an exam. You have never seen or heard of what he asks before — and even if you have, it's all irrelevant to life, to the legal problems of people who have incomes below \$100,000. You never see this piece of paper again but at the end somebody says your intrinsic worth is A, B, C, or F. F means you quit because the big people decided to say you didn't know it, not that they didn't teach it. And that's equality.

Another set of rules for the game. Pick a few little people who bring apples to the big people every day. Have them polish their apples publicly (the rest just do it privately with their favourite idol). Call an election (just like it's a democracy) and PRESTO! you get a President, a Vice and a few other tokens of democracy. Together they form a Law Undergraduate Society which is quickly co-opted and conspires with the big people against their own kind. In the end the little people's elected representatives are never heard of again, they do nothing, hear nothing, see nothing and generally are useless. The next year the same thing happens and no-one objects.

This year we object. To the dictatorship called democracy in the McGill law school, to the lack of participatory democracy called education, to the imposition of rules and decisions which are inequitable and inevitably in the worst interests of the students, to the lack of appeal from these inequities, to the attitude of a faculty which treats its students as if they had just left kindergarten, to an archaic attitude towards legal education which turns out pabulum-eaters all in a row.

We object to students who take all this lying down, who eat pabulum just like they would eat manure. We object to a faculty which is turning out carbon-copy lawyers and we object to the carbon-copies themselves who are too blind to see what could be, to afraid to demand change and too lazy to desire change.

Loyola...

continued from page 1

machinery before it becomes a "fait accompli." They are also hoping to change what they describe as the "overbearing or chauvinistic" attitude Sir George has towards Loyola.

As an example, they cite the recent recommendations made by the Sir George University Council on Student Life (UCSL) concerning the future of student services in Concordia. These recommendations, they say, were made without consulting anyone at Loyola, and they implied that the Sir George structure of Student Services will be the guideline for student affairs within Concordia. Sir George, the campaigners complain, is trying to impose its structures and ideals on

Loyola without any consultation.

The "Whatever Happened to Loyola" campaign has two main problems threatening its success — time and leadership. So far, not one Loyola faculty member has come forward to actively and openly support the campaign's objectives. The Loyola Students Association (LSA), which has been having considerable trouble negotiating a merger with the Sir George Students Association, is taking part in the campaign, but this does not appear to be sufficient. Without faculty or administrative support the efforts of Loyola students may be in vain.

In any case, they will have to press their cause in a very urgent manner over the next few weeks — for once the government votes on the merger, Loyola's chances of getting a fair deal will be very poor indeed.

what's what

WINTER CARNIVAL 1974

Got extra time on your hands? Come down to the Winter Carnival office, room B-24, or call 392-8911, and help out. There's always work to be done.

ANTHROPOLOGY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

The first meeting of the term will be held January 28 at 12:30 p.m. in L738. Join us; we will discuss the relative merits of the germ theory of disease.

BIOLOGY STUDENTS' UNION

Get ready for the Charles Darwin Festival — January 30 to February 1. Want to be a contestant in the Algae Eating Contest, Pin the Flagella on the Euglena, or Pipetting Contest? All interested leave your name at the MBSU office, N2/8 Stewart Building. Lots of prizes and fun.

CHINESE ENGINEERING & UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY

The Celebration of the Chinese New Year will take place as planned, 7:30 p.m. Union ballroom, Jan. 30. Tickets available from executives and at the door.

FACULTIES OF ARTS AND OF SCIENCE

Change of course forms (FOR SECOND TERM COURSES ONLY) for students in the faculties of arts and science will be available in room 109, for the College Equivalent students, and Room 111 for the University level students, in Dawson Hall from January 28 to February 4. Please read the regulations concerning the change of course as published on page 36 of the Faculties of Arts and Science Announcement.

WORKERS' SUPPORT COMMITTEE

All interested students are invited to a solidarity meeting with workers from Firestone and Shellcast. Tuesday, January 29 at 7:15 in the Union, room 307.

LAMBDA CHI ALPHA FRATERNITY

Are you interested in finding

out about fraternity? Come and see what fraternity is about. We are located at 3505 Peel street, just two doors south from the corner of Peel and McGregor. Have a nice hot lunch at 1 p.m. or supper at 5:15 p.m. If you are keen, give us a call at 288-6717 before 11 a.m. for lunch or before 3 p.m. for supper.

MORCENTALER DEFENCE COMMITTEE

A picket line protesting the Crown's appeal against Dr. Morgentaler's acquittal is being held on Tuesday, January 29 at 9:30 a.m. outside the Palais de Justice (Craig and St. Laurent). For further information or to volunteer your assistance to the committee, call 392-5038 or come to Morrice Hall, room 30.

POLISH CONGRESS BALL

The annual Polish Congress Ball is being held this February 2 at 8 p.m. at the Windsor Hotel. The Polish Club is encouraging all interested students to attend, as it promises to be quite an evening. Tickets can be purchased from the Polish Club at reduced students' rates. For more information or tickets, please call Jadzia at 274-9268; preferable evenings. (J.K. this means you.)

BIOLOGY-FILM SERIES

The Ladder of Creation, part of the Ascent of Man series produced by BBC-TV. It discusses Darwin, Wallace, Pasteur, Miller, Orgell and their theories, lives and discoveries. Jan 29, 5-8 p.m. and Thursday, 1-2 p.m. in the Stewart Biology Building S1/4. Admission free.

COMMUNITY MCGILL

New office hours: 12:00-2:00, Monday to Friday. If you can't reach us there, try the mailbox on

the first floor. Students' Society office.

WOMEN'S INTERCOLLEGIATE BADMINTON

Tryouts for the team; come any time between 3 and 5 p.m. Tues. and Thurs. in the Currie Gym. For more info. call Darlene, 845-2385.

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT TA'S

There will be a meeting on Jan. 29 at 7 p.m. in Union 327 to discuss the formation of an English Departmental Teaching Assistants Association. For further info. call David Douglas at 484-1706.

CAMERA CLUB

Photography and darkroom course will start soon. Check camera club bulletin board (outside Union B10) for further info.

CARIBBEAN STUDENTS

Meeting of the Caribbean Society January 31 at 7 p.m. in the Union building room 123-124. All are urged to attend.

BRIDGE CLUB

A club tournament is being held on Tuesday, January 29 at 6:45 p.m. in Union 123-124. With the

continued on page 4

NEWS WRITING SESSIONS

Any staff member interested in participating in weekly seminar/discussion groups on news gathering and news writing should come to a meeting today at 4 p.m. in the Daily office to discuss how it should be set up. If you're interested but can't make it on Mondays at 4 p.m., contact Andrew; we could perhaps arrange another time if people would prefer it.

TET CELEBRATION

organized by
the Association of Vietnamese Patriots in Canada

at the Grand Amphitheatre,

Université de Montreal

7:30 p.m. Saturday, February 2, 1974

buffet, dance and songs by

Vietnamese and Laotian patriots

Sports

Cagers dump Gaiters

by Elliott Pap

The McGill basketball Redmen returned to winning form Friday night as they defeated the Bishop's Gaiters 73-66 in a surprisingly close game. The reason for the closeness? The Redmen did not play well.

"We had a lot of mental lapses out there," said McGill coach Sam Wimisner following the contest. "But don't underestimate Bishop's. I think they'll be giving more teams trouble as the season progresses." (The Gaiters presently have a mere three victories to their credit.)

The visitors definitely gave the Redmen trouble on Friday. Falling behind early and often, they kept bouncing back and almost snatched victory from the jaws of defeat.

At the 4:08 mark of the second half, the Gaiters trailed 45-32. They subsequently proceeded to embark on a scoring binge which had them leading 53-52 seven and a half minutes later. Redman George Peredy then hit on a three point

play but the Gaiters immediately tied it up. Another exchange of buckets had the score knotted at 57-all with six minutes remaining.

The fans were now on the edge of their seats in anticipation of the next flurry. Who would win this titanic struggle, they all wondered. Could McGill pull it out or would they suffer ignominious defeat?

As shown by the final score, the Redmen did prevail. (Thank goodness...the suspense was too much.) They forged ahead 66-61 by the 18 minute mark and hung on for the 73-66 victory.

Had the poise

Coach Wimisner was philosophical about the win. "At least we had the poise to come back when they were hot. I was also happy with the play of the guys who don't normally start."

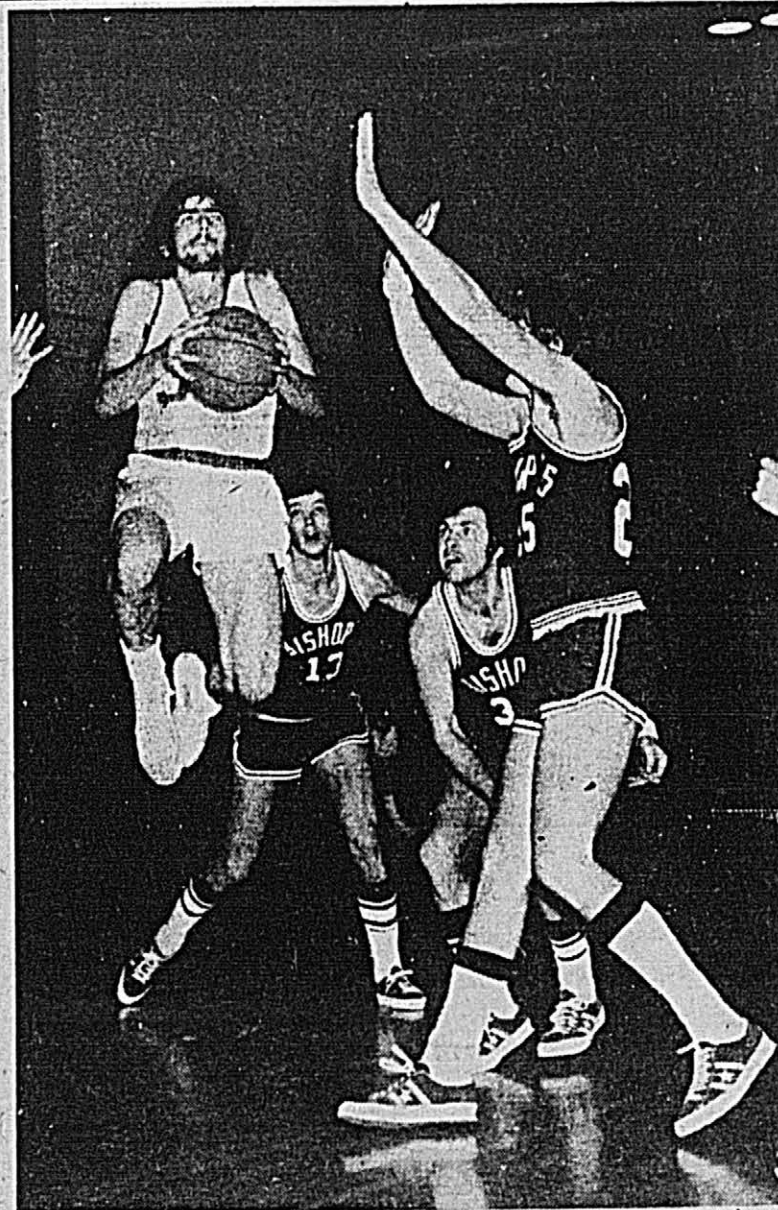
Those who did start were George Peredy, Kit Kennard, Chad Gaffield, Dave Yarock, and Larry Kaiser. But Wimisner substituted early and often with the result that Jeff Sahimerdan, Dave Kassie, Bob Wylie, and Howard Drobetsky saw a good deal of action.

Top scorer for McGill was

Kennard with 22 points. The lanky forward had an outstanding first half, hitting five for five from the field and one for one from the line. Peredy chipped in with 19 points and 15 big rebounds. Gaffield was the third and final Redman in double figures with ten.

Despite these stats, McGill's top player was Dave Yarock. The little guard never stopped hustling when he was on the court (which was most of the game) and Wimisner agreed that "Dave played very well."

PAP CRAP: The Redmen's inability to maintain big leads prompted this observation from a local wag. "They always seem to turn a runaway into a close game"...There is a big, big game at the Currie Gym tomorrow night as the unbeaten Loyola Warriors pay the Redmen a visit. Don't miss this one. It starts at 8 p.m....Former Alouette mentor Sam Etcheverry was spotted in the crowd Friday night. His son Steve toils for Bishop's...Marty Braun's report of the Redmen-Albany contest (played Saturday and won by Albany 79-77) will appear tomorrow...



Daily photo by Harold Rosenberg

Redmen guard Dave Yarock displays fine form in pulling down a rebound.

**More sports
tomorrow
(hooray!)**

what's what

continued from page 3

increased Master Point Awards, it should be worth while for everyone to show up. For more information, call Robert at 488-3083 or Howard at 481-9122.

today

Anthropology Students' Association:

Meeting at 12:30 p.m. L738.

Political Science TA's Association: Very important meeting, re course credits for TAship. 3:00 in Union 123.

S.C.M.-Yellow Door:

All you can eat for only 45 cents. Monday through Friday, noon to 2:00 p.m. 3625 Aylmer, above Prince Arthur.

Savoy Society:

Rehearsal. All voices should appear at 7:30 p.m., B 26/27.

Debating Union:

Mental patients liberation seminar. 1:00 p.m., Union 123-124.

Engineering Week:

All engineering students interested in working on Engineering Week! There will be a meeting at 5 o'clock in the Iron Ring Room in the Macdonald Engineering Building.

Italian Society:

General meeting for all members, 12:00 in U-327.



McGILL MEN'S INTRAMURALS

COED INNERTUBE WATERPOLO

This is an open league and any club, class, fraternity, or organized group of students on campus may enter a team. Games will be played on Monday evenings in the Currie Pool. Playing rules are available from the Intramural Office.

Entries close on Thursday, January 31 and play begins on Monday, Feb. 4. A \$10.00 deposit must accompany each team entry.

INDOOR SOCCER

This will be an open league and teams can be made up of any group of male students on campus. Games will be played in the Currie Gym on Saturday mornings.

Special Indoor Soccer rules will govern play. A \$10.00 team entry fee must accompany all entries, but will be refunded if there are no defaults. Entry forms are available from the Intramural Office, room 6, in the Currie Gym.

Entries close Jan. 31, and play begins on Saturday, Feb. 9.

Men's Athletics INSTRUCTIONAL CLASSES

REGISTRATION — THURSDAY & FRIDAY, JANUARY 31 & FEBRUARY 1 — CURRIE GYM, ROOM G18 — CLASSES BEGIN (EXCEPT S.C.U.B.A.)

THE WEEK OF FEBRUARY 4 — 1st S.C.U.B.A. CLASS IS FEBRUARY 1

ACTIVITY	DURATION	DAY AND TIME	LOCATION	INSTRUCTOR
Aikido (coed)	8 wks.	Mon. and Thurs. 7:30 p.m. - 9:30 p.m.	Wrestling Rm.	Mr. Grisard
Boxing	8	Tuesday, 7:00 - 9:00 p.m.	Wrestling Rm.	Mr. Groleau
Golf	6	Tues. 12 & 1, Wed. 12 & 1	Judo Room	T.B.A.
Gymnastics (coed)	8	Mon. & Wed. 5:00 - 7:00 p.m.	Palestre	Mr. Safi
Karate	8	Mon. and Wed. 2 - 4:00 p.m.	Judo Room	Hisataka
		Tues. & Thurs. 5:30 - 7:00 p.m.	Judo Room	Messrs. Donovan & King
Physical Fitness	8	Mon. - Fri. 1:10 - 1:50	Palestre	Mr. Staples
		Tues. & Thurs. 5:15 - 6:00	Palestre	Mr. Lasota
Squash	4	Mon. 2:45, 3:30	Squash Courts	Mr. Schwartz
		Tues. 10:00, 10:45	Squash Courts	Mr. Reid
		Mon. 9:15, Wed. 2:00	Squash Courts	Mr. Mardinger
Tennis	6	Wed. 11:00, 2:00	Gym 3 & 4	Mr. Easterbrook
		Thurs. 3:00, 4:00	Gym 3 & 4	Mr. Fawcett
Weight Training	2	Clinics 5:30 - 7:00	Turner Bone Rm.	Mr. Hinman
		Feb. 5 & 8, Feb. 12 & 15		
Yoga (Coed)	8	Mon. 7:00, Tues. 6:00	Palestre	Mr. Jeney
		Thurs. 6:00, Fri. 5:00	Palestre	Mr. Jeney
Aquatics: Learn to Swim	6	Mon. & Wed. 12:15 - 1:00	Pool	Red Cross
		Tues. - Thurs. 1:00 - 1:45	Pool	Red Cross
Stroke Improvement		Mon. & Wed. 1:00 - 1:45	Pool	Red Cross
		Tues. & Thurs. 12:15 - 1:00	Pool	Red Cross
		Mon. & Wed. 3:15 - 4:00	Pool	Red Cross
		Tues. & Thurs. 3:45 - 4:30	Pool	Red Cross
Swim Conditioning (Advanced)	6	Tues. & Thurs. 6:00 - 7:00	Pool	Mr. Fanning
Bronze Medallion	6	Tues. & Thurs. 6:30 - 8:00	Pool & Rm. G18	Mr. Zarins
Award of Merit	6	Tues. & Thurs. 6:30 - 8:00	Pool & Rm. G18	Mr. Zarins
Distinction Award (coed)	7	Mon. 7 - 9	Pool & Rm. G18	Mr. Staples
Leaders (Coed)	8	Wed. 6:30 - 9:30	Pool & Rm. G18	Mr. Grout
Skin Diving (Coed)	7	Thurs. 8:00 - 10:00 p.m.	Pool & Rm. G18	Mr. Weiss
S.C.U.B.A. (Coed)	7	Fri. 6:30 - 9:30 & Sat. 2:30 - 5:30	Pool & Rm. G18	Mr. Weiss

PROGRAM COORDINATOR — Butch Staples (392-4730)

The Instructional Courses are offered to all full time McGill students, also staff and graduates who hold Gymnasium Membership cards. Unless designated, these courses are for men only.

Class numbers are limited - register early.

N.B. ALL COURSES CARRY A \$1.00 REGISTRATION FEE.